Copuright 1833, by S. R. Crockett,

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS. mes Stansfield of New Milas, in company grandson, young Philip, meets in an innus son Philip and his son's paramour, tark, they quarrel—Sir James goes home along his grandson. That night he is murthly dissolute son and Janet Mark. They hady outside and lay it on an ice fee in the fast in the crime on other shoulders. But a Philip has witnessed the crime—he in the crime on other shoulders. But Phelip has witnessed the crime—he randtather's chief tenant, Umphray and Spurway succeeds in having marderer brought to justice, He is to be hanged, and his woman to be transported. Mysteriously Philipscapes the gallows, seeks out his wife, the commany of Spurway, and tries to but does not quite succeed. She is to Abercairn for cure, leaving her son, pincharge of Spurway and in the comattacked by robbers, whem Ringrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off, but afterward Philip's mother refuses to let him spend the holidays at New Milus. Returning from a day's visit to New Milus. Philip falls in with Saul Mark. Anna's gypsy father, who, under pretence of showing him Sir Harry Morgan's treasure, makes him a prisoner. Anna finds out his plight and leads I mphray Spurway on his track. By the help of his silent partner, Provost Gregory Partan. Saul Mark, supercarge of the ship Corramantee, imprisons both Anna and Spurway, robbing Spurway of much money and a portrait of Philip's mother. Philip the elder, who is in league with Saul Mark, takes the portrait and sends young Philip away. Leaving Spurway impresoned Philip Stansfield the elder-goes out in Spurway schoak to his wife's house and by threats induces her to go aboard the Corramantee. Anna and Philip make friends with Eborra. He shows them the secrets of the island, and where Sir Harry Morgan's treasure is guarded by Fer-de-Lame, and hus hosts. Eborra has secreted a hoat in which he plaus to escape with Anna, Philip. Mrs. Stansfield, and his mother; also Will Bowman, who is in the ourates' clutches. The pirates sail away with two or three ships, but a new difficulty arises—it is Mrs. Stansfield's fear to trust herself in

who is in the uirates' clutches. The pirates sail away with two or three ships, but a new difficulty arises—it is Mrs. Stansfield's fear to trust herself in the boat. At last she is persuaded. The boat starts, encounters other pirates, but is towed safe away by a monster devil-fish. The boat reaches Puerto Rive in safety and its immates approach a convent asking CHAPTER XXVIII -CONTINUED. At the first break in the wall we turned to the right, passed through a sort of stockade and found ourselves in a street crowded with small

wooden booths and tinkling with the ring of hammers upon anvils Our guide strode on, and we followed. But we had not gone far when a cry went up, and we began to hear the tread of feet hurrying toward us from every direction and to see many people running and crying to each other. Some of these were casting off blacksmith's aprons, that they might run the faster. Some (these were women with dusky faces) shrilly bade their men folk wait for them till they could come or so at least

I interpreted their querulous cryings. Presently we became the centre of a throng of quaint dresses, whose wearers pushed and strove strove and elbowed about us. But our guide swept his staff to right and left, smiting them with the soundest of thwacks. Whereupon they wen hastily back, one treading on the toes of an other. Presently we stopped before a gate, or midway between two gates facing each other at the distance of rather more than a hundred varis. Our guide turned to that on the left hand, and

He litted a knocker shaped like a crucifix and knocked loudly. A wicket opened in the little door at the side of the larger gate and a face looked ough a face which might have been that of a marble knight upon a tomb, so strong and purposeful it seemed. For the brow was hidden in a white napkin, as though bound up for the grave, and from the dead whiteness of the skin large dark eyes looked forth mournfully and

The menk said something in a low tone, and stood side to let the guardian of the portal see us. Then

the we hear the buzzing nurmary of the crewing in the solicit hearting a seemal along space in which are the solicit hearting and the seemal along space in which are the solicit heart of the stress of the wall and black on the blazing whiteness of the wall and black on the blazing whiteness of the wall this time another face was seen also a pale for and enwrapped with the same mourtful swad dilines. But the features were decided, and the stress of the wall and the features were decided, and the mostrils and drawn furrows across the brow Our guide bott controlled and beginning to the notifies and drawn furrows across the brow Our guide bott controlled and beginning to the solicit hand to the solici

heart George Buchanan's Lann psaims, one day for a whole year, which he declared be the only worthy literature that Scotland

Convent bred, then?" he continued, glancing sideways down at me.

I am not, "said!.

Thow, then, do you speak Latin?"
I pointed silently to Will, who had come up with Eborra. We had haired under a tree, and there was now only a fountain with many jets between us and the chain gang. The swaying leaves and the hush of the water falling soly on wet marble were certainly most soothing. But somehow that continuous tinkle of swinging links over by the new building misliked me greatly.

Also, I was anxious about my mother.

The monk, on whose face there appeared never the shadow of a smile, bowed to Will.

I adjunting and slapping each other in noisy fraterinty, Eborra grinning and talking away as fast as any.

Half a dozen of the brown monks accompanied us, talking low among themselves. These did not walk as if guarding prisoners, but rather like people accidentally going the same way. In of steps and turned into a cool passage. We smell the smell of kennels.

Our guide flung open a door and motioned us with a fling of his arm to enter. We did so, Will Bowman going first.

"You are learned?" he said in the same curious

Latin.

Will modestly denied it, but I struck in boldly.

"He is a very learned scholar," I said.

"Of this I will inform the Abbot," he said, and again turned to precede us. But I pointed to the gang of laboring prisoners, from the far end of which had just come a sharp cry, as the knotted lash of the black overseer's whip fell across the naked shoulders of a lad halting under a burden. I trembled to kill the brutal striker.

"Who are these:" I said indignantly, "and by what law are they chained and beaten? Are they murderers:"

The monk cast one contemptuous glance, and one only, in the direction of the chain gang.

"These are heretics," he said, as if the fact ex-

"These are heretics," he said, as if the fact explained all.
And as I followed the trailing skirt of his brown robe (not daring to raise my eyes lest I should see some further horror) I was by no means so sure that the devilfish had done us a good turn in delivering us from pirates and bringing us from the Isle of Winds to underlie the tender mercies of the monks of the monastery of San Juan de Brows.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"But, most reverend, you speak English?" I suggested.

He smiled, seemingly well enough pleased.

Thave been long time in your country spreading the holy religion! First with James the King, and afterward on much persecution and perily under the Dutch heretic William! But, alas! I have much forgot. I speak him not well."

Nevertheless, in spite of his modest disclaimers, he smiled like a boy who has "trapped" his way to the top of his class.

"Sit down, gentlement" he added immediately in an a'tered tone. "The Abbot comes this way!"

And the Grand Inquisitor blushing and smiling at once, looked so like a pleasant country dame that from that moment I began to be better satisfied with our lodging in the monastery of San Juan de Brozas.

We heard a step hustle along the passage, the soft brush—brush—shuffle—brush of sandals worn by one who does not lift his feet. The door opened and a man entered, at the first sight of whose face my heart sank within me.

He was a tall man, gaunt and hollow-jawed. His eyes, sleepy sunk in his head, shot out fire upon us. His very manner was terrifying, and I could well imagine him casting oiled faggots about the feet of poor wretches condemned to die for their religion. The Grand Inquisitor received the Abbot of San Juan with a gentle purring deference, and made room for him on the black woorden settle as a spaniel dog might give place to a mastiff.

He said something to the Grand Inquisitor in a low tone, and then turned to us.

"You are doubtless of the religion you have

He said semething to the Grand Inquisitor in a low tone, and then turned to us.
"You are doubtless of the religion you have escaped from their cruel English plantations" and the Abbot bent his brows upon us as he spoke.
"We have come from the Isle of Winds," I made answer. "We were carried thither by pirates from our native land!"
I heard the whisper of Eborra in my ear.
"If you wish to live and save those whom you love, swear to the man that you are of his religion!
What matters it." Swear."

love, swear to the man that you are of his religion:
What matters it "Swear"
"From the Isle of Winds they come!" said the
Grand Inquisitor, translating into Spanish for
the benefit of the Abbot. And at the word I saw
him turn up his eyes and cross himself.
"But you are of the religion" he persisted,
softly, and like one who insists on doing another
a good turn. The Grand Inquisitor translated
this time for our benefit.

this time for our benefit. "I was christened in the Church of England," said Will Bowman, bluntly, after his fashion, "and though I can lay claim to little enough religion of any kind, that is the religion I shall live and die in."

That was well enough said of Will, but I was not to be set behind the door. No Yorkshire man alive was going to overcrow me with his Episcopalianism at best a poor thing to make

Tam a Scot, and of the Scottish religion"

"I am a Scot, and of the Scottish religion."
I said as grandly as I could.
"What is that." I never heard of it." The speech of the Grand Inquisitor was more silver than ever. Almost I might say he purred.
"I am a Presbyterian." I replied, a trifle nettled.
"That is the religion of my country."
"Say an opinion—call it an opinion, and I am with you" he said, and continued to smile.
"And you" his eye passed on Eborra, "have you been christened in the church of Inghilterra, or are you also of the Scots persuasion."

To my surprise Eborra had shed his manner of a king's son, and now met the small, shread gray eyes of the grand inquisitor with the broad grin which had attracted me first on the street

of the privateer's village
"I poor ignorant Yellow Jack," he said, speaking thickly "I know nothing. But learn yes, heliness. Yellow Jack willing to learn every-

along the ranks each with a dignity of a Selfcut in about.

Will Howman had fallen a little behind with
Eborra, so I hastened to place myself beside the
monk who had brought us thither. The hymn
had put it into my head that I would try him
with some of my scanty Laun.

"Who are these men?" was what I tried to say.

"Ex stopped in an astonishment as great as if
his asshad spoken to him.

"Tou are a cleric, he said. And though he
pronounced the words differently, yet I understood him well enough. Whereat I began to be
glas that Implicy Sourway had made me learn
by heart George Buchanan's Laun psalms, one
by heart George Buchanan's Laun psalms, one
had year a me and uttered two words in Laun.

finger at me and uttered two words in Latin.
"Venite, frattes." Venite, frattes."
We followed him out into the court yard among the whispering leaves and plashing fountains Will and I walked side by side. But Eborra got no further than the doorway. Here he found himself surrounded by the black men with whips in their hands. These all began to talk at once, laughing and slapping each other in noisy fraternity. Eborra grinning and talking away as fest as any.

We found ourselves in a high narrow cell, the floor of earth trodden hard. Rings and wheels of iron were let into the wall on either side. Rope and pulleys cobwebbed aloft. The whitewashed

and pulleys cobwebbed aloft. The whitewasner walls were stained here and there with streaks and gouts of darkest brown, in their nature very suggestive. The windows were set high up, defended by thick bars of iron. Three tall-backed chairs stood on a raised platform at one end, the highest being in the middle and two a little retired in support. Above the centre chair were the insignia of the Holy Office of the Inquisition.

I saw now where we were. The Abbot had played us false. Still if we were to appear besignia of the Holy Office of the Inquisition.

I saw now where we were. The Abbot had played us false. Still, if we were to appear before the Grand Inquisitor, I felt that he would deal kindly with us; for my liking had gone out to the little shy man with his soft voice and gentle ways. On the other hand, I knew we had no chance of mercy from the Abbot. I had mistrusted him at first sight. And Will Bowman thought as I did.

So we stood there, wondering what would come next; and my mind flew to Anna and my mother even when my eyes were wandering among the maze of wheels and ropes overhead—the purport of which I understood well enough, though not the particular tortures for which they were designed.

Signed.

What would become of my mother and Anna
What would become of my mother and Anna

THE LADY JUANITA.

The chain gang in which we presently found ourselves was made up chiefly of men from those northern provinces of old Spain which lie nearest to France. From the man to whom I was chained I learned much. He was a Frenchaan named Jean Carrel, born at Millan in the Cevennes. At the outbreak of the later religious wars he had sold his vincyard near Carcassonne and crossed the mountains into Spain. Settling at Bilboo, he had become very successful in trade with England. All too successful indeed, for his growing wealth attracted the notice of the inquisition, and he was seized and cast into the dangeons of the holy office. He spoke very excellent English, and being a good and kindly man, though with no great profession of religion about him, at least from the Scots point of view, he told me many things which were very useful to me—as how to lie in chains most comfortably, how to pad the waistbelt and ankle rings to keep them from chafing, how to fasten up the connecting links in a festion to keep the weight from trailing, with other matters of great assistance to me at this the a restoon to keep the weight from trailing, with other matters of great assistance to me at this time. Apart from this his discourse was mostly of wine growing and vintages and by no means so much of religion as I had anticipated, which relieved me much.

relieved me much.

I had hoped to have Will with me as my companion, but it was better for us both that at the first this was not so. For Will also chanced upon a mate who was able to instruct him on these points.

Thave you yet seen the commandante" said dean Carrel as we rested on our straw at moon that day. I told him "No." adding that I did not know there were any other authorities upon the island besides the abbot and the Grand Inquisitor. The Frenchman whistled low "Alas," he said, "the Abbot whom you fear is our only friend here. The grand inquisitor is an evil beast, and does what harm he can to poor men, but as for the commandante"——

Words seemed to fail him to describe the peculiarities of this man, and even while he paused we were again summoned to our feet by a sharp command in Spanish, of which I knew not the purport. However, by watching carefully what my companion did and moving rapidly. I man aged pretty well. Yet not so well but that as I gassed a huge grinning black who stood at the door of the long wooden shed, where we had our midday meals, he lifted his whip and smote me across the shoulders.

"Thow you d— English like that?" he cried: "you flog mein Jamaica—very much heap whip—how you like it yourself?"

And he followed along after us, cursing me and all English at the top of his voice.

Jean Carrel whispered to me not to answer back or show that the man annoyed me, and then he would most likely in time tire of his amusement. "If you speak back to him he will send you to the flogging post, and if you survive, to the log gang in the stone quarries. That is worse than death." "Great God most merciful!" cried I, involuntarily, "is there yet worse torture than this."

death."

"Great God most merciful:" cried I, involuntarily, "is there yet worse torture than this?"

"Yes, truly," he said, "this is but a preparation for the auto da-fe, the burning aive by fire. We are all only waiting our turn. But the most unhappy men are those who have to drag a great log after them wherever they are called upon to go and whatever duty they perform:"

You are all under sentence of death by fire!"
I gasped.

He nodded, smiling at my ignorance.

"Each day of high festival there is a burning in the great square," he explained, "and if there be not enough of hapless Indians from the interior or margoon negroes recaptured by the com-

Less designation and my generators.

Each day of high festival there is a burning in the good square, he explained, and there is a fair from the same of the proof of the proo

sickness and distress, for indeed I had thought infinitely better of Eborra after his goodness to us on the Isle of the Winds.

"But," said I to myself after he had flourished about and threatened to tear the eyes out of my head with his hook. "none knoweth the heart of another till he be tried by prosperity, which is a test more difficult and trying than any depth of misery."

misery."

Presently Eborra left me and betook him to Will
Presently Eborra left me and betook him to Will Presently Eborra lett me and becook in the wanter but if possibly yet more cruelly, declaring all the while that Will had been his boverser' among the English and that now he would show him how it tasted to be a slave.

But, after all, Eborra, mayhap remembering some of our former kindnesses, gave each of us

But, after all. Eborra, mayhap remembering some of our former kindnesses, gave each of us a hat made of a broad leaf, and cast about our shoulders a short, striped cloak made like a blanket with a hole cut near one end of it—the which is called in this country a poncho, and is very suitable either for heat or cold. We were in the greater need of some such covering, for without it we should have gone entirely naked, exposed alike to the rigors of the sun, and the biting of the buzzing gnats which abound there, called muskittees. For one of the negroes who conducted us to the gang had taken a fancy to our upper clothes, which, though frayed with our adventures, were of Umphray Spurway's own good cloth. He made usehift them, giving us no more than a lash of his whip over our naked shoulders in exchange.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Grand Inquisiter an notined the tall priest who had hitherte conducted us, and whom we afterward knew as Brother Pedro.

A small, apple cheeked, pale eyed man entered, smilling and dimpling, almost in the manifer of an antiquated beauty. His head was trust a little forward, like a bird's about to peck, and the same period and the same and left in a mesk full about his ears. There are called to myself by the entrance of half a down starward and manifer of an antiquated beauty. His head was a pole yellow nice, and left in a mesk full about his ears. There are called to myself by the entrance of half a down starward his a bird's about to peck, and the same his period. The first staged with a pair of bellows upon it. A second followed with a pair of bellows upon it. A s

were experiencing there is none like one from
the same countryside.

Eborra marched us all around the women's
monastery, and you may be well assured that
we kept our eyes about us to see if we could spy
out any of our late companions, my mother, little
Anna Mark or even the black witch wife. Eborra's
dam As we went through the narrow lane, where

As we went through the narrow lane, where we were marching some distance apart in order that the couples might jump the pools together, each making a little race before leaping. Eborra came up to us as if to give an order.

"At the corner of the enclosure demand of me leave to halt a little. Do not answer now but wat!"

And this thing we did upon a pretext. We were immediately allowed to leave the ranks, and at the angle of the wall, where there was a broken place, rudely blockaded as is the Spanish custom, with boards and paling slabs (for these people can never mend any

It was indeed Anna Mark, her hair out short and dressed in a dark blue blouse and skirt of rough skin, rough felted, like Irish frieze.

Anna put her finger to her lip and glanced once or twice over her shoulder, like one afraid of interruption. Then she looked at our chairs in sorrowful surprise. For though she knew of it, yet to see the glistering links about our waists and hear the woful clauking noise at our ankles made her sick at heart for us. "How is it with you, Anna" with Mistress Stansfield with my mother?"

These were the questions which poured from us.

These were the questions which poured from us.

They all went whizzing down the hill and along thought you were going to cheat me; but this is thought you were going to cheat me; but this is thought you were going to cheat me; but this is delightful. I know a man in Seymour who will buy this as soon as he sees it."

Melchisedek, sitting behind on the place where they put trunks, laughed to himself, put his putty blower into his pocket and took out his bean shooter. Then he shook his head, and, putting away the bean shooter, he took out his sling and fitted a fat hickorynut into it. He saw through the propose you do also, my boy.

They all went whizzing down the hill and along

"We are well Philip," answered Anna, "but O, to see you thus." What have they done to you — and wis."

"Ve hat, Anna, have they not fretted you on account of your religion." I almost gasped in my eagerness "the inquisition? What of my mother."

"Your mother is very well," said Anna, calmly, "Sice is, I think, practising the chants for vespers with sister Agatha.

"How so," I cried, too much astonished to think of safety. "Have they put you to the question as to your religion."

"How so, 1 cried, too much astonismed to finish of safety. "Have they put you to the question as to your religion?"

Anna nodded and I think she would have smiled also, but at that moment our chains happening to give a dolorous clank, her face became sud denly pittiul again.

"Yes," she said, "Sister Agatha and the prioress were instant with us, but gently and with kind ness."

"And what answered my mother?"

"O, she said that as a child she used often to go to 'Squire Lucy's chapel, which was tathche claster will being with her. Then to the vicar of the parish with her father, which was not so different that she could see. But when she came to see hims she was congated to go to the Sects kirk with Sir James. But for all that she liked 'Squire Lucy's best. So they were glad and kissed her, and dressed her in a black robe with a white band about her forehead. They declare that they will make her a nun in a trice. Already she eats and sleeps by rule and works at a broidered

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT

MELCHISEDEK JONES AND THE SHAFTLESS CARRIAGE.

A Good Little Boy Who Made It His Business in Life Not to Allow People to Impose on Each Other.

Copyright, 1900, by Charles Battell Loomis.

Meichisedek Jones could not bear to see people mposed upon. He was only 11 years old when he took his putty-blower, his bean shooter and his sling and started out to walk from Waterbucy to New Haven in order to right all wrongs that he might come across. Whenever he saw a man who looked cruel or mean or selfish he peppered him with his putty blower. And if he still looked mean or selfish or cruel then he shot beans at him and if he continued to look selfish or cruel or mean he let him have a stone out of a sling and that generally cured bim. For a sling in the hands of a small boy is a hummer and no mis-

He had gotten almost to Seymour and the road was strewn with cruel, mean and selfish people whom he had bowled over temporarily, when he came to a long hill. At the top of the hill stood what looked like an automobile and by its side were two men, one of whom seemed to be the owner of the vehicle. The owner was trying to sell it to the other man who had a kind of down trodden, under dog look about him that made Melchisedek feel for him.

mobile, "I owe you money and I know it, but I

have no money to pay you while I have this automobile. Now I only owe you \$100 and this machine is easily worth \$1,000, but you see it makes me nervous to ride out in a wagon that hasn't any horses to stop it when it gets going too fast and so I'll let you have it for the debt." "But," said Mr. Sanford, "I never go out riding

because I hate to and I need the cash very badly. The automobile will surely get out of order and I can't afford to have it fixed so I'll be worse off than I was before. "Nonsense," said the man, with a selfish gleam in his eye that made Melchisedek get out his putty-

Seymour and sell it to any of the rich people who live there for at least \$500." "Why don't you do it then?" asked Mr. Sanford. quite pertinently.

blower. "you can ride in this down to Meriden or

"Because," said the man, "I promised my children that I would go chestnutting with them this afternoon and better a walk with them than all the money in the world.

Now while this made the innocent Mr. Sanford feel that Mr. Simpkins was a nice man, it made Melchisedek think that Mr. Simpkins bad no children at all and doubtful that the carriage was an automobile But as yet he could no nothing, "Give me a receipt for \$100 and take the automobile," said Mr. Simpkins, "Come, I will ride to the foot of this hill just to show you how to work it. and then," said he, looking at his watch. "I must harry off to my darlings, my dear little

boys, for the pets are hungry for chestnuts." Now, if Mr. Sanford hadn't been a goose, he would have known that Mr. Simpkins was up to something, because men don't talk that way about their children, unless they are mollies -at least not in public. But Mr. Sanford was a great innocent, so he wrote a receipt for \$100 and gave it to the man and then they both stepped into the carriage. Mr. Simpkins pulled a lever and the thing didn't go.

All this time Melchisedek had stood out of the way and the man had not noticed him at all. Now Mr. Simpkins looked out and pretended to see a stone in front of one of the wheels. "Air. said he. "I see there's a stone in the way. I'll push the automobile for a few feet. It sticks sometimes when I haven't used it much. Here, boy," seeing Melchisedek, "just help me push this to the brow of the hill.

as Mr. Simpkins jumped inside, he hung on behind. Mr. Simpkins pulled the lever to the lowest notch and the carriage went down the steep "I did you a wrong," said Mr. Sanford. thought you were going to cheat me; but this is

Melchisedek mished with a good will, and then

they put trunks, laughed to himself, put his putty blower into his pocket and took out his bean shooter. Then he shook his head, and, putting

They all went whizzing down the hill and along the level for a few rods, and then Mr. Simpkins said: "I must stop now and go to my darlings.

Away, away for the nuts, the toothsome chest-

"How can I ever thank you," said Mr. Sanford. You must let me give you some of the money But Mr. Simpkins shook his head and said Never, my dear friend, never."

Then he strode away up the hill and for the present Melchisedek let him go. He wanted to make sure that he had imposed upon Mr. San-He hopped down and went around to the door of the carriage.

"I'm very much afraid, Mr Sanford," said he, "that Mr. Simpkins has gotten the best of you. I don't think this is an automobile at all. It is

mo grown up person seems to be able to make it go."

"Not even down hill, eh?" said Melchisedek.

"But why did you lend him the \$100?"

"Because he seemed so sorry that my organ wouldn't go." said Mr. Sanford.

"You ought to have a nurse, my poor man." said Melchisedek. "This Mr. Simpkins has no children, you may depend upon it. But he has \$100 of your money and you have an old cab that's pretty near falling to pieces. Now, we must overtake Mr. Simpkins and make him give back your money."

Just then, by great good luck, an automobile came toward them.

Melchisedek held up his hand and the driver stopped.

"Take us up the hill," said the boy. He pushed Mr. Sanford into the automobile, "Run at your top limit, driver. We want to catch a tall man with flowing red whiskers like banners and a selfish look on his face."

The automobile man started with such a jerk that Mr. Sanford toppled over backward and sat down hard.

"Here, stop," said the boy, "here's a policeman. We want him to go along, too."

The policeman sat down behind and then up in the police of the face of Andree and his men.

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"Take us up the hill," said the boy. He pushed Mr. Sanford into the automobile, "Run at your top limit, driver. We want to catch a tall man with flowing red whiskers like banners and as elfish look on his face."

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The policeman sat down behind and then up to the fate of Andree and his men.

the hill they went lickitty cut and when they CONVERSION OF ZEB WHITE reached the top they saw Mr. Simpkins sitting on a rail fence, smoking a cigar and smiling in a very selfish way. His long whiskers were streaming in the autumn breezes and he looked

like the wicked man that he was. "Hold up," said Melchisedek to the driver Then he fitted a delicate piece of putty into his putty blower and blew it sharply at Mr. Simpkins, who gave a start and looked up.

Then Mr. Simpkins saw Mr. Sanford and he

"It's lucky for you that I brought a policeman

a mean advantage of this poor gentleman. Mr.

Then the policeman came around and said

"I arrest you for imposing on this poor gentle

man and I'll take you before the Judge at once.

So Mr. Simpkins, shivering to the tips of hi

man got in after him and Mr. Sanford and Mel-

And when they came to the Judge, Melchisedek

of children out chestnutting every afternoon

Mr. Simpkins shuddered and tried to jump out of the window and escape his fate, but two

officers held him, and the Judge said in a voice

of thunder: "Melchisedek, you have well said.

But I think it was pretty hard on the children

AN EASY ASSIGNMENT.

Being a Leaf Out of the Experiences of an Old-Time Reporter.

ing itself, so to speak, rang the alarm.

trotting back after a vigorous 'rastle with fire.

normal.
"An easy assignment, and interesting, too." THE FATE OF ANDREE. Search This Summer at King Charles Land, Beyond Spitzbergen.

and his two companions have survived their at tempt to cross the North Polar area in a balloon.

Sir Martin Conway voiced the general opinion when he wrote in the new "International Geogra-phy" that "an attempt by the Swedish engineer

Andree to cross the North Polar area in a balloon

must be classed with the mysterious tragedies

Another effort will be made this summer, how

tant. On Sept 11 last year a buoy was picked up on the north coast of King Charles Land.

of exploration."

"About as easy an assignment as I ever had."

young man?"

about you?"

Sanford.

deserts.

on the way up.

man like this?"

for thirty days."

knew what was the matter.

As soon as he saw Melchisedek, he started to run, but the boy shot a bean at him and it gave his cheek such a smart twinge that he turned around angrily and said: "What are you doing, "Having fun with you. Where are your dear darlings and where are the chestnuts' Aren't

around, she says: "Zeb, thar ain't no preachin' at the schoolyou afraid that your pretty dears are worried use to-day, but it would look mighty decent fur volto sot down and read a chapter in the Bible.

> day,' says she. "I recken the world don't keer whether I read

along," said Melchisedek, "for if I had relied on this sling, you might regret having taken such the Bible or take a walk."

For Melchisedek had told him what had happened "That's what I orter hev done, of co'se, but whiskers, got into the automobile and the policechisedek and the motorman were very much crowded, but they didn't mind in the least because the wicked man was going to get his told him the whole story just as I have told it to you, and the Judge said: "My boy, what do you think would be the worst punishment I could give Melchisedek thought a minute and then he said: "Most mighty Judge, I think that for a man like Mr. Simpkins the greatest punishment you could give him would be to make him take a party

children of Israel" asks the old woman as I ar

"Are you gwine to risk your soul fur the sake of a coon?

Each day for thirty days Mr. Simpkins shall take out a crowd of innocent children and help them gather chestnuts. And he shall begin this after And they led him out to gather a band of little

eat, even on Sunday." I'd kinder smooth it over with Providence first

rolled back and kivered him up."

"I don't believe it ever happened,' said L
feelin' a new streak of cantankerousness
comin' over me.

"What! Do you deny that?"

"Reckon I do, and heaps of other things besaid an old reporter, "was one to cover a fire in the building of the paper I was on. I was working

calamitous calamity. Its denyin the Lawd, and the Lawd ain't gwine to stand it. Go on aiter your coon, but I'm sayin good yo you. I shall be a widder belo the clock strikes 12.

"I wasn't troubled a bit in my mind, but I was sorter astonished when I get back to the coon tree. Bits of har was lyin around on the ground, and the old dog was gone. The ared to me that thar had bin a fout around that, but I didn't figger fur long. It was a tree which steed alone, and away up in the top I could see the coon hidin'a way in a crotch of a limb. It took me about half a' hour to cut the tree down, and all the time I was choppin' I was sayin' to myself that the children of Israel never passed through the Red Sea dry shod. Jest befo' the tree fell I heard a yeowlin' and a snarlin' from the varmint in the top, but I took it that the coon had get shaky. The tree went down with a crash, and I run up with a club to give the coon a knock on the head. I hadn't reached the fust limbs when he cum out to meet me, and all the ha'rs on my head riz up at once. It wasn't no coon 'tall, but one of the biggrest wildcass I ever laid eyes on. He hadn't bin hurt by the fall, but he was mad 'nuff to eat nails. I had skeercely made out what the varmint was when he lit on me and get to work. I don't reckon you ever met up with a twenty pound wildcat with teeth and claws in good trim, but if you ever do vou'll find that buzzsaws ain't in it with bim. The varmint knocked me down at the fust jump, and he had torn off half my clothes befo. I could git up. Then we went at it hammer and tongs. I had denied the children of Israel, and so I had to depend upon the club. It wasn't much of a weanon to fight a wildcat with. The critier dodged half the blows, and the other half didn't seem to hurtany. I yelled fur my dawn, but he didn't cum. I yelled fur the cld woman, and 'bout the time I I yelled fur my dawg, but he didn't cum.

a fa'r show.
"How about Sunday" she asks, never movin'

nyin' Him it's fur tolks to be keerful how they mix in.

"Nobody has axed you to mix in,' says I, and then I went fur that cat like a hawk fur a chicken. Fur the next five minntes I had the advantage and was beginnin' to feel peart, but the loss of blood began to tell, and I found myself growin' weak. The old weman noticed it and called out.

"Zeb, how about the Hible?"

"The a believin' in it,' says I as I makes a awful blow at the cat.

"And how about the children of Israel?"

"I'm a believin' in them too."

"Did they cross the Red Sea dry shod?"

"Ill bet they did."

"Was Phano overwhelmed?"

"He was, and I'll lick any man who denies.

"The was, and I it has any life it."
"Jest one mo' question. Zeb.' says the old woman as she cums forward. 'Are thar gwine to be any mo' coon huntin' on Sundys?"
"Not if we never hey another pint of 'lasses in the cabin!' says I as the cat rakes me across the shoulders."

fire must be somewhere near here.

"Also at the same instant or thereabouts a telephone bell, in where we kept the telephones, in one end of the reporters room, began to jungle, and in a moment a boy comes out and walks across the room to the city desk and says to the city editor.

"Special building call from the Comet office.' And here's where I came in. The city editor looked up and sees me there, and says:

"Mr. Oldtine, there's a special building call from the Comet office; will you see what there is in that.' I don't believe you'll need a fire badge."

"This last, of course, about the fire badge was just a small joke. You see, they always keep a supply of fire badges at the city desk, and these are issued to the reporters when they go to fires to enable them to get inside the fire lines established by the police; and then when the reporters come back they turn their fire badges in to the city desk again. But the city editor thought I wouldn't need a fire badge to get inside the lines here, we being, as you might say, inside of them already. But the jolliest part of it all, so far, was the way we got the news of the fire. The fire itself couldn't have been more than a hundred feet away at the outside from where we were, but we'd got the first news of it from a point a mile away, from our reporter at Police Headquarters.

"Well, I set out on my fire assignment, mounting to the top floor of the building, and then worked down to the basement, where, as I found, the fire heads of it from a point a mile away, from our reporter at Police Headquarters.

"Well, I set out on my fire assignment, mounting to the top floor of the building, and then worked down to the basement, where, as I found, the fire heads been. It hadn't amounted to anything; some waste paper stripped from rolls of paper that was being wetted in the wetting machines for the presses had taken fire somehow, and had just happened to throw up a little flame right under one of those automatic contrivances, and so started the fire alarm. It had been onl

FLOATING STONES.

The Bits of Slate That Prof. Nordenskiold Saw Floating in the Ocean. Prof. Erland Nordenskield, the son of the famous Arche explorer, saw a curious sight last year while rowing in the long and narrow channel of Ultima Esperanza, on the southwest coast of Patagonia. He observed fragments of slate floating on the surface in larger or smaller clusters. There were a great many of them, and at one cast of the net be gathered in about 700 pieces.
The stones had evidently drifted out from the beach, which was covered with similar fragments that had fallen from the slate cliffs behind. The

once if they became wet through the movement of the swell.

The fragments contained no air cavities that were perceptible to the naked eye, but a discovery was made that may explain the fact that sone fragments of a specific gravity of 2.71 were floring on a flind of a specific gravity of 2.71 were floring on a flind of a specific gravity of 1.

It was found that small gaseous bubbles were attached to the under surface of the floating stones, and these bubbles were also found on stones at the fringe of the banch where they were being continually washed into the sea and went floating away. The graves surface of the sinte fragments also helped to keep them afford by preventing water from a thering to them.

This unusual phenomenen is of geological interest and may serve as an illustration of the hard problems that often present themselves to geologists. Prof. Nordenskield believes that considerable solid matter is thus transported for greater or less distances. Thus new stratathat are now forming at the bottom of the seamay have a considerable admixture of these fragments representing a far distant geological age. Perhaps some geologist, centuries from now, may puzzle his head over the question how this foreign material was introduced into the later over the desired over the question how this foreign material was introduced into the later over the desired over the question how this foreign material was introduced into the later over the desired over the question how this foreign material was introduced into the later once if they became wet through the movement

THE SUNDAY WHEN THE OLD 'POS-SUM HUNTER WAS CANTANKEROUS.

A Hunt for a Coon That Turned Into 6 Wildcat - Arguments Applied by His Wife to the Story of the Crossing of the

Red Sea and the Keeping of the Sabbath. C pyright, 1900, by C. R. Lewis, "One Sunday mawnin' seven or eight years ago I got up feelin' sorter cantankerous," said the old possum hunter. "The old woman seed that I wasn't peart, and she let me alone till ar-of breakfast. Then, as I started out for a walk

What fur? says !. "Fur to show the world that yo' respect the

But the Lawd does. Can't nobody keep of bustin' up the Sabbath as you do without somethin' happenin' to 'em. My eyes are a leetle weak this mawnin', and if you'd sit down and read me that chapter 'bout the children of Isreal crossin' the Red Sea I'd be powerful glad.'

when a critter is feelin' cantankerous he ain's hisself. He's mad at his wife, his dawg, his gum and everything else, and he wont git decent ag in till somethin' has happened. I whistled to my dawg and went off up the hillside, and the old woman didn't call arter me. Mebbe I'd got half a mile from the house when the dawg took arter a varmint and run it up a tree. I jest got a glimpee of the thing and took it fur a coon, but I orter hev known better. Every ha'r on that dawg's back was standin' up and his eyes as big as sassers, and if I hadn't bin cantankerous I'd hev figgered it out that no coon could excite him in that way. The thing to do was to tie the dawg to the tree and go home fur an axe. The dawg didn't want to be tied, but I managed it and went back. "Hey you cum back to read to me bout them

"No. I've cum fur the axe to cut down a cool

"Don't be silly. Coenskins is wuth 60 cents spiece, and we are out of lasses, and the Lawd ain't gwine to pumish folks fur gettin' somethin

"'Zeb.' says she as I was turnin' away, 'if you've got a coon up a tree, mebbe it wouldn't be so awfully wicked to chop him down, but if I was you Bein' as you left the dawg on watch you kin read me that chapter befo' you go. I've sorter forgotten how clus Pherio was to 'em when the waters

then on the Comet, which had an outfit that was up to date to the very last detail. Part of its sides. Then, Zeb White, you jest git ready fur a calamitous calamity! It's denyin' the Lawd, and the Lawd ain't gwine to stand it. Go on arter building equipment was an automatic fire alarm telegraph system, with wires in every room in the building. By this system an alarm was sent in automatically whenever the temperature of a room got above a certain degree. We were connected with the Fire Department wires, and Sad a special building call; so you see that as far as protecting ourselves from damage by fire was con cerned we had taken every precaution we could, and had got the thing down so fine that the build-

"The Comet office was on a corner. On the next corner above in our street there was an enginehouse, in which were housed a fire-engine and a hook and ladder truck. When there was a fire below us, further downtown, we used to see the engine and the truck go ripping and tearing down past our office like mad. Sometimes when they went past like that they'd be back in a minutefalse alarm; and then it might be an hour or two or more before we'd see or hear either of them. "One day, when the fire engine came a rippin' and tearin' down the street in the usual way, with everything b'ilin', instead of going by, the first thing you knew the driver had hauled his team back on their haunches at a hydrant right in front of the Comet office, and the next instant they were yanking out a length of suction pipe, and there were men making spanners fly at both ends of it, engine and hydrant, coupling on, and more men coupling on hose and stretching it the truck was wedging its way down into the street to the north, at our corner.

welled for the old woman, and bout the time I velled I cotched sight of her two rods of, looking on. She had my rife in her hands, and I heliered for her to com cluser and shoot the cat.

Zeb White, see she, it aim t for me to mix in this fout. You went out in deflance of the Lawd to cotch a coon, and if you've cotched a wilderd instead it's proper punishment.

Her words made me mad and teched my pride, and I determined to kill that cat without her help or be clawed to death astroin. I got in two or three good blows and sorter exenced up things, but it was nip and tuck. Simeby, when I begun to weaken, I says to the old woman.

"I aim't axim' you to shoot the varmint, but you might shoot off a paw or two and gimme a fa'r show." "'H-m-m,' says the city editor, looking out from his seat by the window. 'I should imagine the fire must be somewhere near here.' "Also at the same instant or thereabouts a tele-

"How about Sunday." She asks. haver movin a foot.

"It's a purty good day."
"Is it the Lawd's day, or a coon's day?"
"The Lawd's day, I reckon. Gwine to stand thar till the meat is clawed off my bones?"
"Can't tell yit. When the Lawd brings about a calamitous calamity to punish a man fur denyin. Him it's fur tolks to be keerful how they mix in."

"He was, and I'll lick any man who denies

in the cabin! says I as the cat takes me across the shoulders.

"That ended the fight. The old woman mixed in and shot the cat through the head, and I tumbled down and lay ther fur half an hour beforshe could help me hobble home. Bout all the clothes I had left on me was one boot and a shirt collar, and it was fo' weeks befo' the bites and scratches let me git around ag'in. On the fust Sunday I could sit out I saw a b'ar up the mounting and started fur my gun, but the old woman held up her hand and said.

"Zeb White, take a cheer and sot down. Yes, I know it's a b'ar, and we are powerful short of meat, but we've got somethin'else to do. As soon as I git my hands out of this dishwater I'll fill my pipe and sot down, and you'll read to me bout them children and the Red Sea. If you read slow and don't skin anything, mebbe you'll find somethin' bout wildcats too." and up at the corner they were backing the truck up to get it out of that narrow street; in a minute they were both gone, and things were back at